

# The Musical World.

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**ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.**By **GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, Esq.**

No. 9.

Luzzaschi or Luzzasco. This musician was considered one of the greatest organists of his time in Italy, being second only to Claudio Merula. He belongs to the four whom Gallieni calls *musiciens par excellence*. He published, among other works, "*Madrigali*," Naples, 1576, which excited universal admiration. Luzzaschi was a native of Ferrara, and concert-master and organist to Duke Alphonso II. He died in his sixty-second year. His publication of madrigals above-mentioned may still be found in the library at Munich.

Maelzel. This very ingenious mechanic was born at Regensburg in 1776. He resided, in 1800, in Vienna, where he constructed an instrument, which, by means of a wheel drawn by a weight, performed pieces of Turkish music, as if played by a band of flutes, pipes, four trumpets, cymbals, triangle, and double drum. A double bellows furnished the wind. The sound of the trumpets was particularly admired. It was produced by ordinary trumpets blown by the machinery, with a power not to be excelled by any trumpeter. Maelzel sold this instrument, in the year of its invention, to a Hungarian nobleman for three thousand florins. He next increased the number of instruments by two clarionets and also by two stringed instruments. This second instrument, which he called the Panharmonicon, was sold, as Gerber has been assured, for twenty-five thousand dollars, in Paris. Lastly, he brought to Vienna a newly invented automaton, and gave a public concert with extraordinary success. In the *Journal des Modes* for 1800, p. 251, is found the following description of his automaton:—"From a tent Mr Maelzel led out a fine manly-looking martial figure, in the uniform of a trumpeter of the Austrian Dragoon Regiment Albert, his trumpet being in his mouth. After having pressed the figure on the left shoulder, it played not only the Austrian cavalry march, as also the signals for the manoeuvres of the army, but also a march and an allegro by Weigl, which was accompanied by the whole orchestra. The sound of this trumpet is pure, and more agreeable than even the ablest musician could produce from that instrument, because the breath of a man gives the inside of the trumpet a moisture which is prejudicial to the purity of the tone. Maelzel publicly wound up his instrument only twice, and this was on the left hip." Maelzel is also the inventor of the celebrated automaton chess-player; the metronomes for counting time in music also bear his name.

Francesco Manelli, of Tivoli, composed the music of the first opera that was given at Venice, in 1637. Its title was *Andromeda*. In 1638, he gave the *La Maga fulminata*. The novelty of the singing, which replaced the declamation till then in use at Venice, had so great an effect, that the Venetians immediately began to build proper theatres for these performances.

Marchetto, of Padua, the celebrated commentator of Franco, and the first author who treated exclusively of the chromatic and enharmonic genera, left two works, first, "*Lucidarium in Arte Musice planæ, inchoatum Cesnæ, perfectum Veronæ*," 1274, and "*Pomarium in Arte Musice mensurate*," dedicated to Robert, King of Naples, about the year 1783. These are the most ancient treatises that make mention of sharps, chromatic counterpoint, and discords. Several of the harmonic combinations proposed by Marchetto are still in use, others again having been rejected.

## BELGIAN MUSICIANS IN ITALY.

(Concluded from page 535.)

Let us push on to Rome, the city of sanctuaries innumerable and of musical performances of unusual merit. The fact is, I should never finish were I to proceed systematically with the enumeration of the sayings and doings of our theorists, composers, lay-clerks, and instrumentalists, advantageously established in the various secondary towns of Italy during the XVth and XVIth centuries. Mortifications, however, were sometimes mingled with the triumphs achieved by these valiant artists. Thus, one of the four Jachetti, as we learn from the archives of San Petronio at Bologna, was not fortunate enough to please the inhabitants of that city, who called him a detestable singer, *cum sono infesto*. This is, perhaps, with all due deference to Andreas Majer, the sole piece of violent criticism, as far as I know, ever directed against the Flemish lay-clerks of former days. Majer himself, who asserted that the Flemings composed only for the eyes, *per gli occhi*, was obliged to admit that at Ferrara, for example, Josquin Depress, Adrien Willaert, and Cyprien de Rore were luminaries of the first brightness.

In Rome as in other places, Flemish musicians were everywhere pre-eminent. At St John of the Lateran, the important choral mass was directed in turn by Giovanni di Noya, and a musician named Godefroid. St John in Damasco shows us Jean de Matalaert rising rapidly to the first rank among its numerous singers, and leaving at his decease, according to Pittoni, a series of superb hymns in manuscript, and other justly esteemed compositions. The great basilica of St Peter's attracted the crowd, thanks to the transcendent talent of the organist, Marc Houterman, surnamed the prince of musicians. The private chapel of Otto Truchsees, Cardinal Archbishop of Augsburg, and Ambassador to the Holy See, had the good fortune to possess the celebrated native of Ypres, Jacques de Kerle, who distinguished himself as private composer to his Eminence, *musicarum modularum compositor*, and who followed his patron to the Council of Trent, where it is very probable he found an opportunity of gaining applause by his rare musical talent. We cannot imagine any branch of art or musical science, at Rome, in which some Belgian or other did not distinguish himself. Have not the organs of the skilful Flemish builder, Guillaume Herman, been compared to the most famous instruments of the kind from the workshops of the Ateneati?

It was especially at the Sixtine Chapel that the Flemings honourably sustained the European reputation of Belgian musicians. The Sixtine Chapel, as we know, formerly shone most brilliantly in the artistic world, and was justly considered the first musical institution in existence: *La capella del summo Pontefice è stata laudata et tenuta da ognuno per la scientia la prima et suprema delle altre*. So wrote, in terms half Latin half Italian, a learned contrapuntist of the XVIth century. To be received in the Sixtine Chapel, the candidate, besides obtaining the assent of the Pope, and the suffrages of the united singers, had to undergo the severest theoretical and practical examination in art, and be able to extemporize at sight regular counterpoint on a given melody. There was a *scrittore di contrapunto et della miniatura*.

The first names which the investigator comes across are those of Guillaume Dufay, Josquin Depress, and Antoine Barbé, concerning whom we possess, unfortunately, only very incomplete data. Precise information does not begin before 1535. There then arise one after the other, as lay-clerks of the highest merit, Jean Leconte, François Delemeer, Pierre Lambert, Ghislain Danckers—*ottimo contrapuntista di madrigali*, according to Andreas Adami—Jean Mont, François Goess, Jacques Archadelt—one of the most illustrious musicians of the XVIth century—Barthélémi Lecont, a meritorious composer, and Chrétien Ameyden, about all of whom I was enabled to gather the most exact and most minute details, referring to their origin, functions, privileges, artistic life, works, removal, or decease.

Chrétien Ameyden, in particular, one of the most distinguished composers of church music, succeeded, thanks to his extreme skill in the mechanism of concerted singing, in reaching the highest functions in the famous establishment. During several years, he worthily held there the musical *bâton*, having under his command the most renowned and most erudite professors, French, Spanish, Flemish, and Italian. Among them figure such celebrities

as Nanini, Crivelli, Conforti, and Griffi. The illustrious Palestrina, though then directing the lay-clerks in the basilica of St Peter, held the post of official composer at the Sixtine Chapel. Chrétien Ameyden's high position was renewed annually by ballot. The lay-clerks with votes were thirty-two in number. Honoured and esteemed by all, and overwhelmed with favours and dignities of every kind, Ameyden terminated his noble and glorious career on the 20th November, 1605. His funeral was performed, in the church of Santa Maria dell' Anima, with all the pomp due to so truly illustrious an artist. Thus was justified the epitaph consecrated to his memory, and till now the only known title-deed relating to him: *Ob summam Peritiam Musicæ*.

Ameyden may, perhaps, be regarded as the last great Flemish musician who shone upon Roman soil. After him, the musical sceptre fell from Belgian, to pass irrevocably into Italian hands. It was the epoch when melody, escaping from the scholastic bonds which held it captive, assumed, under the creative action of the imagination too long kept down, forms as simple and varied as they were new and attractive. Some motets and masses of Ameyden are preserved in the Sixtine Chapel, with an infinite number of other compositions belonging to the best Belgian masters. I was the first to draw up a complete nominal list of them. The majority are manuscript, with pretty miniatures. The number of the authors amounts to forty. As for the Belgian musical works scattered over the whole of Italy, works which as yet have never been the object of serious examination, or mention, I might say the list of them is so long that a thick volume would not suffice for it. It will find a place elsewhere.

Such, your Excellency, are, partly and very summarily, the new facts brought to light by my investigations. The harvest has surpassed our brightest provisions, considering the difficulties which had to be surmounted. Most of these were occasioned by the rarity of the documents required, or by their not being regularly classified. In more than one locality I was obliged to sort them myself.

EDMOND VANDER STRAETEN.

## To Hubert Silber and Thaddeus Egg, Esquires.

MESSIEURS.—Culture in the sense of free unfolding of intrinsic germs of character—of conscious, quick, sincere relationship and sympathy with all the beauty and the order of the universe, instead of in the old sense of a mere makeshift clothing, *upon from without, with approved special knowledges*, conventional beliefs and maxims, and time-honoured prejudices. The confession of ignorance is a rare and noble thing. The relation of the unreal to the real, the esoteric to the exoteric, ontosophy to ortology, synarthrosis to anatomosis, the divine æsthetic impulse, the *within* of man, is so circumscribed by the cycloid concatenation of cosmos, that the within is from without with approved special knowledges by an interjection and insipidation of spheroidal and hebdominal influences upon the *cerebellum*, thus giving rise to all that is mysterious, introversible, and self-containable in the divine-human microcosm. This accounts for the protoplasm of Professor Huxley. It also accounts for Hermogenes himself, who can never be accounted for by any other theory. I hope Alexander ab Alexandro is satisfied.

Yours respectfully,

Croker Rootes.

DRESDEN.—After a somewhat long pause, the favourite opera of *Die Falkener*, by Herr Kretschmer, a local composer, was announced at the Theatre Royal. The house was well filled, and the audience expecting the performance to begin, when a report was circulated among them that the conductor, Herr Rietz, Musical Director-General, had been suddenly taken ill, and that the other *Capellmeister*, Herr Schuch, had left Dresden, so that the management did not know whom to get to conduct the opera. The composer himself was in the house, but was not asked to fill the unexpected gap. Perhaps the gentlemen of the orchestra, influenced by the same spirit which lately actuated their colleagues at the Grand Opera, Paris, in the case of M. Gounod, objected to obey the commands of an outsider, even though he were the composer of the work they were about to perform. At length Herr Lauterbach grasped the directorial *bâton*. Ill-advised Herr Lauterbach! Sad example of "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other." Vocalists and instrumentalists managed to get on, somehow or other, till the end of the fourth act, but the confusion then became so helpless and so painful that the curtain had to be dropt on a scene that will long be remembered in the Saxon capital. The affair does not say much for the way in which the Theatre Royal is managed.



## JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.\*

(Continued from page 534.)

As in preceding years, so in this, I have had to notice frequent instances of discrepancy between the gifts and the accomplishments of particular students. Those with the best voices and ears have by no means always passed the best examinations, and *vice versa*. This is a hopeful sign; showing, as it does, that those students who fail have no right to attribute their failures to natural inaptitude.

Of the 1,828 students whom I examined last year, not two, I think, can have failed from any cause they themselves could not have made inoperative. At the same time I am bound, in justice both to teachers and students, to say that very unequal results must still continue to present themselves, until the latter enter the colleges better prepared in music than heretofore. The subject is one the difficulties of which accumulate with our years. Neglect of it in childhood, if not irreparable, can only be repaired by sustained application of which few are capable, and sacrifice of time which fewer can possibly make. My own idea of the musical qualifications of a candidate for admission to a training college is certainly not extravagantly lofty. If every pupil-teacher, at the end of his course of five years could, on a key-note being given him, sound when named, or name when sounded, any other notes in the same key, and a few altered notes inevitable in common modulation; and also sing or recite a few measures in the two principal kinds of time, or conversely describe them when so sung or recited—accomplishments which an intelligent child of, say, ten might easily attain in a twelvemonth, with about a quarter of an hour's instruction a day;—if, I say, every pupil-teacher entering a training college could do even this much, changes in the habits of our labouring classes would be brought about in a few years, by the command of one humanizing recreation, which would assuredly add as largely and permanently to their own well-being as to that of the community at large.

I am not unmindful that in calling attention to this chief, perhaps only, check on musical progress in the training schools, and therefore throughout the country, I call attention to a "thrice-told" and proverbially "tedious tale." I have reason to hope that the need for telling it will at least begin to be lessened by the operation of the new schedule, according to which candidates for the training colleges will be subjected in future to practical tests like those which I have just indicated. When I state that, of the 1,828 students whom I examined last year, 985 told me that they had entered their colleges with no, or all but no, musical preparation, it will be admitted that the time has come when some step should be taken to alter a state of things so mischievous and so discouraging. A good many masters cannot at present properly prepare their pupil-teachers in music for entry into the training colleges. It is to be feared, however, that some will not.

In answer to my usual question about his instruction prior to admission, a student replied: "Master used to sing with the boys, but never taught us anything." I have reason, however, to believe that improvement in this respect has been initiated already. In many of the colleges the first year students (of 1874) were reported to me as being better prepared than heretofore. Their collective singing was in many instances remarkable; in some quite as good as that of their fellows of the second year. I shall be disappointed if the approaching examinations do not exhibit great improvement on those of former years.

The study of harmony, which was restored to the training school curriculum two years since, has become exceedingly popular, both among teachers and students; some of the former, who looked upon its restoration with the least good will, are now the most ready to acknowledge its practical value. In some instances, I am told, students have kept it up, after leaving their college, by obtaining further instruction elsewhere, or by sending their exercises for correction to their late instructors.

The cultivation of instrumental music, more especially piano-forte and harmonium playing, in the training colleges extends year by year. More than one application has been lately made to your Lordships for its formal recognition. These applications, which are likely to increase in number, would seem to be more

worthy of attention, from the fact that they are by no means limited to institutions of any particular class or character. At Lincoln (Church of England), at Edinburgh (Church of Scotland), and at Liverpool (Roman Catholic), I am met year by year with the same inquiry,—“Are you going to hear the playing?” At these institutions and some others, male as well as female, all the students receive instruction in playing; while there is not one in the country some students in which have not skill enough to be of use to them as teachers hereafter. At Edinburgh (Church of Scotland) instruction is given on a method which I fully described last year. Its success recommends it for imitation where there are no means to furnish an equal number of instruments—eight—and a teacher like, in ability and zeal, to Mr Mackenzie.

(To be continued.)

## THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

(Continued from page 539.)

We take it for granted that, right or wrong in his views, Mr Moody is thoroughly in earnest according to his "light," and that he has an enormous capacity for work. Secondly, that his coming to England was well advertised by means of the pulpits of churches and chapels, the congregations of which are called Evangelical. Thirdly, he preaches what seem short sermons, terse, forcible, easily understood, and characterized by that dogmatic certainty so captivating to many minds. He never has any doubt on any point whatever. "You can be saved in a moment," he tells his large audiences. "Only stand up, let us see that you wish to be converted, and we will pray for you, and you will go home to-night happier than you ever were before." All this seems remarkably easy, and is undoubtedly captivating. No trouble with "tears of repentance," as in the old times; no "wrestlings" with angels the long night through. Nothing but a mental assent, a firm belief, and the main work is done. "This or that may fail; you may lose in business, in friends, in everything but one—you will have Christ. Only take Him—that is all. 'But,' you say, 'shall I really be different as a man to-night than I was this morning?' Why, of course you will; you will have Christ; that makes all the difference in the world, does it not?" These scraps are from a sermon we made a point of specially hearing, and they were given with an effect an actor might have envied. To this stage effect—this singular acting, without gesture or contortion of body, or unnatural intonation (common to stage and pulpit)—much of this Revival success has been owing. The Revivalist talks fast and in a natural tone, eschews "firstlies," "secondlies," even "practical applications," and rant, as ranting is understood, goes right on "pegging away," duns his three or four leading points into the ears of his congregation, and then calls for his "inquirers" to "stand up," and finally to go to the "Inquiry Room," while Mr Sankey, and those of the congregation who remain, sing, with might and main, those hymns happily adapted to tunes which at least have the merit of being in the strict sense congregational. "What," it has been said, "would the revivalist be without his singing companion and his hymns?" The question is hardly fair. He is here with his singing companion and his hymns, and the service must be taken as a whole. The hymns, however, are in many cases set to music quite artistic, without being so "fine" as to be above the understanding of any one. They succeed where Cathedral music fails, and, perhaps, for the simple reason that while the music in Cathedrals seems as if it were especially devised to prevent the congregation joining in it, these hymns (not at all broken up, as hymns are in Methodist chapels, by the mode of giving out in fragments) are intended for every one, old and young, to sing, and the intention is to a considerable extent carried out in practice. In fact, the Revivalists, in their melody, avoid the errors alike of the Methodists and of the lovers of an ornate ritual. The tunes are as well designed for choruses as any that are popular among the Methodists, or as even those of the most meaningless or most pathetic (in the popular sense) of negro melodies; and there is a certain finish and continuity about them which the Methodists have never yet managed to attain, and, perhaps, never can attain while their preachers cling so resolutely to the practice, which some of them have made an art, of reading every two or four lines before the lines are sung.

(To be continued.)

\* Report, for the year 1874, by John Hullah, Esq., Inspector of Music, on the examination in music of the students of training colleges in Great Britain.

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Some time ago, as I was sipping my *demi-tasse* at one of the Cafés near the Place of St Mark in Venice, I took up a local paper, and in it read a letter addressed "Al Signor Antonio Gallo, detto il TRIONFATORE," in other words, that is, in English words: "To Sig. Antonio Gallo, called the *Triumphant*," and manager of the Teatro Malibran, in the city of the Lagoons. It was from Verdi, and had reference to the successful performance of his *Requiem*, which had recently been given at the above theatre, and which he had declined to conduct in person. My first impulse was to translate the letter for the *Musical World*. My second was to do nothing of the kind; for, on reflection, the letter did not appear to contain anything particularly worth the trouble. But I have had cause to repent the resolution to which I arrived. Every paper I take up contains that letter either in the original very choice Italian, or done into some other idiom. That letter has haunted me like the ghost of a duty unfulfilled—the last addition to some private Elysian Fields of my own which already contained such a fine collection of similar phantoms. I left Venice and went to Milan. The first words that met my eye in the first paper I saw were: "Carissimo Gallo, Ho ricevuto, etc." From Milan I proceeded to Munich. With my first glass of *Lager-Bier*, I saw: "Liebster Gallo, ich habe dein Telegram erhalten." I hastened to Paris, and, not in one paper only, but in several, I came across: *Très-cher Gallo, j'ai reçu* and so on; I can stand it no longer, and so, on the principle announced in the shape of a heading to this communication, I beg to repair my omission. Thus then does, or did, the *Maestro* write.

"St Agatha, 11th July, 1875.

"My dear Gallo,—I have received your telegram, which gave me great pleasure. I rejoice with you and with everyone else. Am I not nearly always right? A great many years ago, I encouraged you in your notion of reproducing *La Traviata*, and I was right. A few months ago, in the Gallery at Milan, I approved that other notion of yours concerning the *Mass*, and I was right. Afterwards, in opposition to your wishes, I refused to come to Venice. Things have gone off quite as well as if I had done so, and you have saved 9000 francs. You see that I am always right. Shake hands then; continue to be lucky in business, and believe me yours, VERDI."

Such is a faithful version of the epistle in question, though, it is true, knowing your hatred of such small deer, I have not made so many separate paragraphs of it, as Verdi did of his original, and though I make him use, as he would use, were he writing English, the second person plural instead of the second person singular. What a queer notion of the spirit of foreign languages and of the spirit of our own must be possessed by those persons who will persist in rendering "Tu" or "Du" "Thou," "Dein," "ton" or "two" "thine." Such a system could not be defended, even were all English-speaking folk Quakers; for the followers of Penn eschew now a-days broad-brim hats and coal-scuttle bonnets; affect watch-chains and other articles of jewelry; and are by no means fanatically attached to the Scriptural mode of address which once characterized them.

Before concluding I may as well give you a letter from Verdi to another manager, to wit, the manager of the Grand Opera, Paris. Here it is:

"Bussato, 24th August, 1875.

"Monsieur Halanzier,—I thank you very sincerely for your friendly wish to enter into business relations with me. I feel especially flattered that you should deem the score of *Aida* worthy of being produced at the Opera. But, in the first place, I am too little acquainted with the present company there, and, in the second, you must allow me to state that I have been so little satisfied whenever I have had anything to do with your Great Theatre, that I do not, for the moment, feel inclined to try my fortune in it again. It is possible that, at some future period, if you are still as well disposed towards me, I may change my mind, but I have not at present the courage again to expose myself to the vexations and hidden opposition which reign in the said theatre, and of which I still retain a painful recollection.

"Pardon me if I have expressed my thoughts too frankly, but I wished to be perfectly sincere in order that we might understand each other. This does not prevent me from feeling exceedingly thankful to you personally for the very kind things you have said of me in your letter.

"Believe me to remain, etc., etc.,

"VERDI."

This is rather hard hitting. M. Halanzier has taken his punishment like a man, and been the first to make the letter public. Some persons hint that he would have gained nothing by endeavouring to conceal it, but then some persons are never satisfied. And with this truism, I remain yours truly,

PETER BROWN.

Grand Hotel A l'Éclat, Paris.

KLAMPENBORG.—A number of the members of the Royal Cathedral Choir, Berlin, have been giving concerts here.

## RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBLUNG.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Concluded from page 543.)

In the grand final scene Brynhild asserts her right to the dead hand of him whose love, though passingly estranged by treacherous witchcraft, in reality remained hers. Him she will join in his fiery grave. A pile has been heaped, on which Siegfried's corpse is lying. Brynhild, mounting her horse and kindling the pyre with a torch, rushes into the midst of the flame. The ring from Siegfried's finger she restores to the Rhine daughters, who approach on the rising waves of the river; Hagen vainly attempts to lay hold of the ring, and is swept away into the depth of the stream. A bright gleam on the horizon announces, at the same time, the flaming destruction of Walhall and its divine inmates. Or shall we see in it the dawn of a new day after the "Dusk of the Gods?" It is true that the *Æsir* and the law represented by them perish, but the powers of darkness also are baffled. The curse of the gold is broken by its return to the waves of the Rhine, and a new reign has begun, the reign of free human impulse, no more allowed by the thirst of gold or shackled by the fear of conventional order. And here again we meet with the idea of the world-redeeming power of a woman's self-sacrificing love, so frequently found in Wagner's dramatic conceptions. For it is Brynhild's voluntary death which finally breaks the fetters of mankind, and ushers in the era of freedom and beautiful human development.

In a note to a cancelled version of Brynhild's death-song Wagner adds that a considerable part of it has been left out by him owing to its being more fully expressed by the accompanying music. It is, indeed, the music which throughout the drama will alone be able to explain what seems dark, and combine the motives of the action to dramatic unity. If this is the case with Wagner's poetry, how much more so with my meagre sketch of a story so deep in its sources and so variegated in its characterization. For stated reasons, I have had to refrain from even attempting a closer analysis of Wagner's musical conceptions. Instead of this I will try to convey to the reader a general idea of the manner in which Wagner makes his music the necessary and inseparable complement of his poetic purpose. It must first of all be understood that our composer does not write what may best be described as "absolute music," music that is invented for the sake of sonorous beauty and developed with a view to showing this sounding faculty to greatest advantage. In Wagner sound is subordinate to meaning, musical rule to poetical impulse. Every melody occurring in his work (and the essence of his, as of all good music, is nothing but melody), has its function in the drama; it represents a certain idea or principle in this drama; and wherever this idea becomes the motive of the action its corresponding melodious or harmonious combination resounds either in the vocal or orchestral part. Representative melodies of this kind, the introduction of which our art owes to Wagner, are of incalculable importance for the dramatic expressiveness of music. In the Niblungen trilogy the continuity of motive through all the different dramas is expressed by these means in a manner wholly unattainable by words only. Take, for instance, the ardent desire of wealth and power in the minds of gods and men. Wagner has found a musical equivalent for it, expressive at once of its tempting charm and of the danger hidden under its surface. This melody, which first occurs in the Rhinegold, continually reappears in the course of the trilogy wherever the potent spell of the gold comes into action. In this manner a few chords of the orchestra are able to indicate a nuance of motive which it would take pages of writing to explain in words. Frequently also the modification of leading sentiments, or the simultaneous occurrence of two different impulses, gives rise to "thematic" or contrapuntal developments, such as prove Wagner's absolute mastery over all the technical resources of music. But never do these technicalities obtain undue importance. They always are made subservient to the economy of the drama, the fullest and highest conception of which remains the ultimate aim of Wagner's art. It is thus that in his work we are struck by a sense of perfect congruity between the combined efforts of two arts, which before him seemed to be divided by a deep chasm, and which only the rarest gift of both musical and poetical creativeness has been able to blend into one harmonious organism.

## MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The first novelty at the Imperial Operahouse will be *Carmen*, by Georges Bizet, who died, a short time since, while still so young. The libretto is already translated and adapted for the German performance, which will differ from that in French, inasmuch as the spoken dialogue will be replaced by recitative. Herr Anton Vogl, musical director of the Schotten-Stift is busy upon a grand three-act opera, entitled *Herrmann's Tod. Gräfin Stella*, another work from his pen, will be produced in the winter at the Stadttheater, Gratz.

Following the example set by the Imperial Operahouse, where the chorus was strengthened for the execution of Verdi's *Requiem* by calling in the aid of the Academic Vocal Association, the manager of the Stadttheater has requested such members of the above society who are stopping in the capital during the vacation, to take part in Mendelssohn's music to the tragedy by Sophocles with which the season will be inaugurated. He has received a favourable answer.

## THE BYRON MEMORIAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—There is a bust of Lord Byron by Thorwaldsen in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, in which the general character of the face is so like the familiar portraits of the poet as to leave no doubt of the faithfulness of the likeness in the ordinary sense of the term. But the sculptor has also succeeded in penetrating the character of the man, and has lighted up the marble with a force of expression startling in its vivid reality, revealing the soul in all its fierce scorn of the low and base and its noble imaginative power. My object in drawing attention to this work is to suggest that the sculptor of the intended statue of Lord Byron should copy the Thorwaldsen bust—a cast of which might be procured from the Italian Government—instead of trusting to invention, which our experience of modern statues may excuse our dreading. The figure and attitude must be left to the mercy of the sculptor. Obediently yours, STUDENT.

## LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1874.

DR. BALANCE SHEET.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
1874. SALE OF TICKETS.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Oct. 14	To Receipts from sale of 676 Serial Tickets at £5 each ... ..	3380	0	0	
	To Receipts from sale of Single Tickets, viz.,			3380	0
Oct. 14	WEDNESDAY MORNING ... .. St Paul	413	3	6	
"	" EVENING ... .. Miscellaneous	420	0	0	
Oct. 15	THURSDAY MORNING { Hymn of Praise } { Israel in Egypt }	483	10	6	
"	" EVENING { Miscellaneous } { Bride of Dankerron }	250	17	6	
Oct. 16	FRIDAY MORNING { St John the Baptist } { Stabat Mater }	704	11	0	
"	" EVENING { Miscellaneous } { Paradise and Peri }	721	17	6	
Oct. 17	SATURDAY MORNING ... .. Messiah	434	14	0	
				3428	14
SALE OF MUSIC AND BOOKS OF WORDS.					
Oct. 14	To Receipts from Sale of Music ... ..	159	19	8	
to 17	" " Books of Words	147	7	4	
				307	7
COLLECTIONS AND DONATIONS.					
Oct. 14	To Collections, Wednesday Morning (including £50 from Lord Dartmouth and £3 from a member of the Choir)	56	18	4	
" 15	To Collections, Thursday Morning	14	11	6	
" 16	" Friday "	31	15	3	
" 17	" Saturday "	41	5	3	
				117	10
Dec. 31	To Becket and Co., Interest ... ..	6	13	0	
				6	13
				7270	4
PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CONCERT.					
Oct. 17	To Sale of Tickets ... ..	321	14	5	
"	" Books of Words ... ..	17	2	1	
				338	16
				47609	0

CR.

1874. PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS, &c.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Oct. 17	By Principals (Conductor, Artists, Organist, and Chorus Master) ...	2043	12	6	
"	" Band, Librarians, &c. (including Railway Fares and Hire of Room) ...	1651	3	0	
"	" Chorus, Librarians, &c. (including Music, Printing, and Binding, and Rent of Philosophical Hall for Practice) ... ..	1001	17	0	
				4696	12
VICTORIA HALL.					
"	By Alterations in Victoria Hall, Rent, Gas, and Use of Organ ... ..	466	7	4	
				466	7
ADVERTISING, PRINTING, &c.					
"	By Advertising and Bill Posting ...	510	3	9	
"	" Printing, Postage, and Stationery ...	362	18	10	
"	" Music and Books of Words, and Commission on Sale ... ..	241	11	5	
				1114	14
COPYRIGHTS.					
"	By use of Gounod's "Funeral March," <i>St John the Baptist</i> , and Sir Michael Costa's additional accompaniments to <i>Israel</i> and <i>Messiah</i> ...	14	14	0	
				14	14
MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES.					
"	By Fees to Secretary, Clerks, and Attendants ... ..	106	19	9	
"	" Rent of Offices, Fixtures, Fittings, Furniture, &c. ... ..	39	3	2	
"	" Commissions on Sale of Tickets, &c. ...	29	0	2	
"	" Carriage of Parcels, and Sundry Expenses, Refreshments ... ..	76	0	2	
				251	3
				6543	11
PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CONCERT.					
"	By Personal Expenses of Principals ...	16	10	0	
"	" Rent of Hall, Gas, &c. ... ..	7	2	6	
"	" Printing and Advertising ... ..	16	12	0	
"	" Refreshments to Chorus, Piano, and Sundry Expenses ... ..	12	9	6	
				52	14
1875. BENEFACTIONS.					
Jan. 7	By Leeds General Infirmary ... ..	500	0	0	
"	" Leeds Dispensary ... ..	250	0	0	
"	" Hospital for Women and Children ...	125	0	0	
"	" House of Recovery ... ..	125	0	0	
				1000	0
"	By Balance in hands of Beckett & Co. ... ..			12	15
				47609	0

Examined and found to correspond with the books,

ALFRED WILLIAMSON, } Auditors.  
THOMAS ROTHERY, }

Leeds, July 8th, 1875.

H. R. MARSDEN, Chairman.

ROME.—*Cicco e Cola*, by Sig. Buonomo, has been given at the Teatro Rossini, by a Neapolitan company, performing in the Neapolitan dialect. It is to be succeeded by *Don Checco*, *Gioffè-Gioffà*, *Il Marchese Taddeo*, *Il Babbeo e l'Intrigante*, and other similar productions.—The Teatro Argentina will be opened for opera in the autumn. Among the operas mentioned as likely to be performed are *La Juive*, by Halévy, *Rienzi*, by Wagner, and a new work by Sig. Sangiorgi.

CARLSBAD (Bohemia).—The concert, given by the Cur-Capelle, on the 31st ult., may deservedly be called "a concert d'élite." The programme comprised "Im Walde," J. Raff; Overture to *Manfred*, R. Schumann; "Lorely," legend for orchestra, with harp *obbligato*, by C. Oberthür; "Méditation sur le 1<sup>er</sup> Prélude de J. S. Bach;" and Andantino, Adagio, Allegro, and Finale, from Beethoven's *Prometheus*. The perfect execution of these works afforded fresh proofs of the excellence of the Cur-Capelle and the talent of the conductor, Herr Aug. Labitzky. Particular notice was deserved by Herr Carl Jirmus, who played the interesting harp part in "Lorely" most effectively. This young artist has already proved a great acquisition. In a previous concert, when he played another of his master's (C. Oberthür) compositions, he met with such applause, that he was obliged to repeat the piece.



## PIERSON'S JERUSALEM.

BY AMICUS PATRILE (1852).

(Concluded from page 543.)

Let the reader carry on the same train of feelings through the next air and chorus, "What are these?" The most refined and unworldly melancholy marks it, till the words, "God shall wipe away all tears," expand under the influence of a melody of ethereal tenderness, as a flower opens its petals beneath the touch of the morning sun. I doubt if the composer will ever let fall from his pen a more lovely or a more appropriate air. The next song for a bass, "And I saw a great white throne," is, and ought to be, the great test of Mr Pierson's genius. No other in the oratorio so completely includes all his characteristics; there indeed is one which comes out so prominently, that I have forborne to mention it till I could point it out here in an unmistakable form. There is a German word, for which we have no equivalent, that exactly expresses what I refer to, and therefore I may be pardoned for using it—*Einheit* (oneness). It is best perhaps described as individuality in its largest sense, the pervasion of one ascertained character, in a work of creative art, as distinct from sameness or mannerism. The force of words give it in poetry—the force of sounds in music, and in this song, as in many of Mozart's and Weber's finest compositions (to whom it indeed especially belonged), it may be traced by the musician in the recurrence of one peculiar phrase in the subtlest varieties of expression; by its effect alone is it recognizable to the unmusical. Fine accent here again asserts its sway—let the reader observe its force upon the words "fled away" at the end of the first phrase, and its majestic march throughout the passage, "And the books were opened;" while the orchestra takes its own independent course, the wood and brass instruments sustaining the chief weight of the very peculiar and highly pictured accompaniment. A singularly undefined solo for the violoncellos, like the effort of thought to rally and re-arrange its powers after the tremendous subject upon which it has just been exerted, introduces a very novel experiment, at least in this country. The old hymn tune of "Helmaley," the fine words of which, "Lo he comes with clouds descending," are familiar to most of us, bursts upon the ear as a chorus, altered only in so far as it is clothed in a fresh and more gorgeous harmony. In strict accordance with the wishes of Mr Holmes was this single departure from the scriptural text and original adaptation admitted, and by no means under the same influences as have in more instances than one induced similar intercalations by German writers. The hymn is immediately followed by the requiem to his friend, added by Mr Pierson himself. He will have to stand the test of comparison with Spohr in this composition, but he need not fear the ordeal. Spohr's composition has a character of elegiac tenderness that appeals to all hearts through the simplicity and pathos of the melody; but our countryman takes a higher ground. There are different interlocutors in his composition, which gives it almost the colouring of a tragic scene. Melody is not so prominent with him as with his compeer. The sepulchral gloom which is spread over the greater part of this requiem is produced by a certain vagueness in the musical rhythm. The effect is enhanced by the peculiar instrumentation.

Without in the least wishing to depreciate the exquisite conception of the German master, I believe that this new interpretation of the text will be found more in keeping with its genuine spirit. It has an accompaniment for the Corno Inglese, a fine instrument now not much used. The "Holy! Holy! Holy!" bears about it more evidence of deep study than I have yet observed—a study proportioned to the unparalleled solemnity of the words. It has a great deal of the peculiar characteristic commented upon in the last bass song—a mysterious fervour, quite in keeping with the intensity of the preceding quintet. A bright and exultant recitative and air, "And I saw a new Heaven," opens the vista to the consummation of the promise which rested like light upon the earthly track of the Redeemer. That promise follows in a very beautiful piece of choral harmony, "Be thou faithful unto death." The coming of the Righteous Judge is announced by a tenor recitative of much energy, distinguished by some abstruse modulation, "Behold I come quickly," and a strain of quiet and trustful devotion places before us the

figure of Piety awaiting His presence, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Here poetical justice would demand that the oratorio should conclude; and, indeed, after the highly wrought pictures presented by the exalted group of compositions which I have classed as an epilogue in themselves, it is difficult to descend. But musical custom demands a full-voiced termination to works of this description, and thus there is appended a soprano air, "Now unto the King Eternal," and a chorus, "Praise and extol, and honour the King of Heaven." They compose an earthly jubilee, looking forward to that time when all the nations of the earth shall be blessed together.

Anything in the shape of remark, after an analysis which does not assume to be a criticism, is not, perhaps, called for; but I shall venture to add a few concluding words. Mr Pierson, if he possess any distinction at all, may claim that of originality—originality in the manner in which he connects his own art, by philosophical principles as well as by natural impulse, with all that is high and holy in the others—originality in his mode of working out its details, and producing its effects, in what would be technically called *style*; and he may with the most perfect security meet the comparison that will assuredly await him with modern composers, more especially with the lamented Mendelssohn, whose swan song has been heard within our own walls. I pass no judgment; but, in hailing a light which promises the dawn of a new day for English music, I shall conclude by expressing my own deep convictions through the medium of one whom I have already quoted in my motto, whom no language of my own could approach, but whose words I echo with my whole heart:—

"Cultivate universality of taste. There is no surer mark of a half educated mind than the incapacity of admiring various forms of excellence. Men who cannot praise Dryden without disparaging Coleridge, nor feel the stern, earthly truthfulness of Crabbe without disparaging the wild, ethereal, impalpable music of Shelley; nor exalt Spencer except by sneering at Tennyson, are precisely the persons to whom it should in consistency seem strange that in God's world there is a place for the eagle and the wren, a separate grace to the swan and the humming bird, their own fragrance to the cedar and the violet. Enlarge your tastes, that you may enlarge your hearts as well as your pleasures: feel all that is beautiful—love all that is good. The first maxim in religion and in art is—sever yourself from all sectarianism; pledge yourself to no school; cut your life adrift from all party; be a slave to no maxims; stand forth, unfettered and free, servant only to the truth. And if you say, 'But this will force each of us to stand alone:' I reply—Yes, grandly alone! untrammelled by the prejudices of any, and free to admire the beauty, and love the goodness of them all."

## GAIETY THEATRE.

Despite the hot weather, Miss Blanche Cole with her operatic company continues bravely to afford, at the above Theatre, the lovers of English music an opportunity of indulging their taste. The popular name of Vincent Wallace is once more seen in the London playbills. First came *Lurline*, originally produced, as we stated in our last number, at Covent Garden, under the Pyne and Harrison management, fifteen years ago, and its sweet melodies again exercised their old charm. As, too, we said then, Miss Blanche Cole was especially good as the heroine, being encored every night in the well-known air, "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer." *Lurline* has been succeeded by another work from the same pen: *Maritana*, Wallace's first opera, which was brought out at Drury Lane, thirty years ago. Miss Blanche Cole is a charming *Maritana*, vocally and dramatically. She was well supported by the rest of the company. The boy, Lazarillo, finds an efficient representative in Miss Lucy Franklein, who, on the first night, received an encore for her rendering of "Alas! those chimes!" Mr Nordblom, as the good-hearted spendthrift and aristocratic Bohemian, Don César de Bazan, obtained a similar honour for his singing of "Let me like a soldier fall!" Mr Ludwig, as the King, made the most of an unsympathetic part, while Mr and Mrs Aynsley Cook appeared to advantage as Don José and the Marchioness, respectively. The chorus and orchestra acquitted themselves, as a rule, satisfactorily, under the conductorship of Mr Sydney Naylor.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHILLINGFORD SPOOL.—We really cannot say—and, we may add, we really do not care—whether or no the gentleman you mention did or did not receive one hundred pounds for singing two songs at a party given by Baron Rothschild. If you are so very anxious for information on the point, you had better write to the gentleman himself.

DR. DOT.—The word signifies simply a “Finder,” as we have had occasion to inform more than one correspondent already. Listen to what an Italian author says on the subject:—

“Quasi in igual tempo impresero pure a scrivere i Provenzali nel loro dialetto, così in verso che in prosa, rendendosi celebri per la prontezza della loro dizione. Questi eran tenuti in grande considerazione alle corti de' Principi, ed erano conosciuti sotto il nome di *Troubaduri* (Trovatori) per la facilità con che trovavano improvvisando le rime.”

BASKETHILT.—The first lady to sing Rossini's music in Germany was Signora Borgondio, who appeared, in 1816, at Munich, in *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*. After visiting most of the Continental Capitals, she came, in 1823, to London. She did not make a very favourable impression. Her voice had suffered considerably in her prolonged wanderings, for travelling then, we need scarcely remind you, was not such an easy task as it is now, and she had voyaged both to Moscow and St Petersburg. But why: Baskethilt?

FIX-UND-FERTIG.—We should not advise you to attempt the task, though there certainly is such a thing as an English Hexameter. Lines of this description, as the learned Mr Walsh has shown, may be made, for instance, by a fresh distribution of the verses on Sir John Moore. Thus:—

“Not a drum was  
Heard, not a funeral note, as his corpse to the rampart we hurried,  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot o'er the grave where our hero was buried.  
“We buried him  
Darkly at dead of night, the sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling  
Moonbeams' misty light, and the lantern dimly burning.  
“Lightly they'll  
Talk of the spirit that's gone, and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But little he'll  
Reck if they let him sleep on, in the grave where a Briton has laid him.”  
&c., &c.

English Hexameters, like “A view of Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,” executed in worsted work, are very well as curiosities, but will never become general with us. The fact that our system of Prosody is based upon stress or rhythm, and not upon quantity, in the classical sense, is dead against them.

ERRATUM.—In an article upon the Gaiety, which appeared in our last number, the following sentence occurs:—

“For the same reason that *Satanella* is less frequently heard than the *Bohemian Girl*, *Lurline* is less frequently heard than *Maritana*—the latter work in each instance being more elaborate than its predecessor,” &c.  
For “latter” read later, *Satanella* having been written after the *Bohemian Girl*, and *Lurline* after *Maritana*.

## DEATHS.

On August 8th, at Walthamstow, WILLIAM BENNETT, Esq., for many years Secretary of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

On April 14th, drowned by the capsizing of the Stewart Hahnemann, ARCHIBALD GORDON, third son of Mr C. W. Doyle, late of Jermyn Street.

## NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. Owing to press of matter, “Music in Boulogne,” and various other articles, are unavoidably postponed till our next number.

## The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1875.

IN another column will be found an autograph (*fac-simile*) card of the late Jules Janin, the Emperor of feuilletonistes, the world-renowned “J. J.” of the *Journal des Débats*.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—Now that the two Operahouses have closed their doors; now that the multinational host of artists, *prime donne*, *absolute* and *comprimarie*; tenors, robust and lyric; and basses, more or less profound, have taken their departure for fresh fields, and sea-breezes, or, if more intent on gain than on health, to stages new, elsewhere than in Bow Street and Drury Lane, you may have a little more space to spare than you had during the Season. Should this be the case, you will not, perhaps, refuse to let me raise, or, more correctly speaking, write a column in memory of one who, though in his day tolerably well-known among those connected with the world of music, has long since been forgotten save by a few, like myself, who think that facts, like wine and gothic cathedrals, are vastly improved by age.

At every epoch, we find individuals without number who attach themselves to men of genius, in the hope of mounting with them to the seventh heaven of fame. But, somehow or other, they rarely attain their object. May be, the men of genius, to whose coat-tails they would fain, metaphorically cling, pursue—also, metaphorically—the plan which Maworm determined to adopt on the occasion of his apotheosis, and prefer jackets or jerkins to claw-hammer or steel-pen coats. I grant that there may be a few exceptional cases. In fact, there are. Such a one was that of Antoine Schindler, who is principally indebted for his fly-in-amber notoriety to the effrontery with which he described himself upon his visiting cards, as the “ami de Beethoven.” Everyone, however, is not blessed with the impudence and rhinoceros-like imperiousness to ridicule, of Herr Anton Schindler; and, as a rule, those who bask in the light reflected from the celebrity achieved by men of genius, are left more and more in the shade, till at last they are involved in total obscurity, in proportion as their idols, and the aureola surrounding the latter, rise higher and higher above the level of common humanity.

Baron Carl von Bagge belonged to the class to which I have referred, and was by no means a bad specimen of it. Yet how many persons now-a-days have eaten, drunk, and been merry without caring a fillip about Baron Carl von Bagge; nay, how many have duly figured in the papers under the three heads of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, without even hearing of Baron Carl von Bagge! Allow me to place a small sprig of *immortelle* upon his neglected tomb.

Baron Carl von Bagge, in so far resembled Voltaire that he was a Chamberlain at the Prussian Court. With this, however, to the best of my knowledge, the likeness between the two ends. He did not reside at Berlin, but in Paris, and was devotedly fond of music. He considered, also, that he was a first-rate instrumentalist. One day, the Emperor Joseph II.,—of Austria, naturally, for where else do we find emperors of that Biblical name?—one day, I repeat, the Emperor Joseph II. said to him:

“My dear Baron, I never heard anyone play the violin like you!”

There is every reason to believe that the Emperor was speaking the exact truth, but in a sense diametrically opposed to that attributed to his words by the Baronial musicophilist, who became more than ever persuaded of his great skill as an executant, and more than ever devoted to his favourite instrument. He practised indomitably for hours together; played out of tune with a self-satisfied gusto which proved that he might have possessed with advantage a more delicate ear; and received with affable complacency the compliments and bravos which were the breath of his nostrils; as necessary



to his existence as resin was to his bow. He took care never to be without an audience. He gathered round him the most celebrated artists. He did more. He offered to act as their master. When they refused, he would observe: "You had better take lessons of me. They will benefit you, I assure you, and, as I am rich, I will charge you nothing." Shakspeare says:

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done?"

Is it surprising that some of the Baron's visitors could not withstand the temptation of earning a dishonest franc or two? Accordingly, like the wily beings they were, they would reply:

"We do not, in the least, deny the probability of our deriving benefit from your instruction—on the contrary. The fact, too, that you would instruct us for nothing renders your offer doubly attractive. But we are not rich men, and are obliged to employ our time in gaining our daily bread. With us time is money."

"Do not let that stop you!" the Baron would exclaim. "Since you are not well off, while I am, I will not do things by halves. Come and take lessons, and, instead of your paying me, I will pay you."

Is it surprising, once more, that the classes of the most successful "Coach" who now prepares young gentlemen for the Army, Navy, and Learned Professions, are not more popular than were those of the Baron von Bagge with certain musicians of that period? What was Meccenas, Horace's "*Præsidium et dulce decus*," to the Baron von Bagge?

But there is one fact which especially redounds to the Baron's credit. It was he who first introduced Boecherini to a Paris public. When Boecherini, accompanied by his friend and artistic colleague, F. Manfredi, visited the French capital, previously to settling in Spain, at the invitation of the Infanta, Don Luis, it was in the salons of the Baron von Bagge that the two friends made their *début*, to the great delight of those who heard them. My hero deserves to be rescued from oblivion if only for his patronage of Boecherini.

Despite all his eccentricities—among which I include the bad ear he possessed for music—the King of Prussia's Chamberlain composed an eight-part Symphony, which might, I must confess, have been better, just as it might have been worse. He wrote, also, a Concerto, which Kreutzer, then very young, for I am speaking of 1778, performed with great success, though I am not aware he took lessons of its composer.

Many are the musicians who, but for Bagge, would have lived and died unknown. Whenever he saw a struggling young man of talent, he invariably stretched out a helping hand towards him. For musicians, his house and his purse were alike open. If it were only because some of those most deeply indebted to his bounty were most active in ridiculing his weaknesses, I should esteem it, in a certain degree a duty, as I consider it a pleasure, to devote these few lines to the memory of a kindly, liberal patron of artists, and a sincerely enthusiastic lover of art.

N. V. N.

MR HOLLINGSHEAD, of the Gaiety, has hit upon an entertainment which seems to take firm hold upon the public. Many must remember the palmy days of French Opéra-Comique, when the late Mr John Mitchell was director of the St James's Theatre, and the Chartons, Marie Cabels, Couderes, Chabeaufortis, with other lyric comedians of repute, were successively introduced to English audiences,

a series of the most generally accepted works being given, one after another, in a style to attract general attention. Since then, we have had nothing of the kind to compare with this, until now, when the spirited manager of the Gaiety is doing his best to follow the example set by his predecessor, in a theatre which, during the period referred to, whether operatic or purely dramatic entertainments were presented, stood high among the fashionable resorts of London. We have not, it is true, the chief performers from the Paris Opéra-Comique, as of old; but M. Coulon, Mr Hollingshead's chief agent, provided him with a company so generally efficient as to enable him to offer a constant succession of operas, carefully rehearsed, and presenting an "ensemble," all that, under the circumstances, could have been looked for. The chorus was numerous enough, well acquainted with the repertory, and, therefore, effective; the orchestra, some forty strong, was excellent; and last, not least, the conductor, M. Hasselmanns, showed himself to be a musician of experience, familiar with the task he had in hand. With first and second ladies, tenors, and baritone-basses, &c., the "troop" was amply provided; and, though none of its members could fairly be placed in the highest rank of singers, they were most of them beyond—some, far beyond—the average; and—no small advantage—they were, with scarcely an exception, actors of merit, conversant with the business of the stage.

At all events, the performances at the Gaiety were kept up with unflagging spirit. Since our brief allusion to the opening, with Halevy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, various works, more or less well known, were produced, and for the greater part in a manner fully accounting for the vogue which they enjoyed. Among them may be named the *Dame Blanche* of Boieldieu; *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *Domino Noir*, *Haydée*, and *Fra Diavolo* of Auber; *Zampa* and the *Pré-aux-Clercs* of Hérold; the *Fille du Régiment* of Donizetti, &c., together with others of less importance. These were the means of bringing under notice several artists who were favourably received, and the public, comparatively indifferent at the outset, in the end took a strong liking to the performances—a sure sign that they were of sterling merit. It is to be hoped that Mr Hollingshead may bring over another French operatic company next year. Every amateur of sterling and characteristic national music will thank him for the boon.

M.

*mon cher confidant Dargy (Dargy est  
Walter) après que je vous ai écrit une lettre  
de la (artiste) je le recommande à*

JULES JANIN

de l'Académie Française

*tout va bien, et j'ai vu Angèle voler  
sur tout le monde  
Mai 1875*

11 Rue de la Pompe. Paris.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ONCE a year, we learn from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the Sultan, Abdul-Aziz, honours the Italian Opera at Constantinople with his presence. This year, on the usual day, the Manager received due notice to prepare everything for the reception of the illustrious visitor. The latter was to arrive at six and remain until one o'clock the next morning. The artists were to sing fragments from all the operas in vogue, but the fragments were to be as short as possible. As the entertainment was to last so long, it is not surprising that soon after the notification of the Sultan's pleasure to the Manager, a long train of beasts of burden reached the Theatre, laden with provisions and accompanied by all the culinary utensils and cooks necessary for cooking them. They likewise brought a considerable quantity of the Imperial wearing apparel, as it is the custom for the Sultan to change his clothes several times during the course of the performance. Thus, when Abdul-Aziz entered the theatre, everything was in readiness. The entertainment began at once with the second act of the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. But, after listening for a few minutes, the Commander of the Faithful, saying that he knew the music, seized the opportunity to hold a council in the box with his Ministers. The Council had not ended when the curtain fell. An act of *Crispino e la Comare* followed, and the Ministers were dismissed in order that their Imperial Master might the better enjoy the music. But the opera of the brothers Ricci did not please him any more than *Il Barbiere*, and, as he lay upon his cushions, smoking his chibouque, he eased his feelings by venting his dissatisfaction on the Director of his Musical Establishment. At length there was an act of *Ernani*. This gave rise to a regular catastrophe. When they came to the chorus in praise of Charles V., the artists, thinking they were paying an agreeable compliment, shouted: "Long live Abdul-Aziz!" Hereupon, the Sultan, who hates all such manifestations, left the Theatre in a towering passion. Next day, Constantinople heard with dismay that the Chief of the Imperial Musical Establishment was ignominiously dismissed. The *Neue Freie Presse* does not inform us whether the offending artists were bowstrung.

ENGLISH journalists are not disinclined, now and then, to dilate complacently upon the superior promptitude of the English over the French Press in the matter of news. That this superiority does not always exist is proved by the fact that the following story—of course well authenticated—has been published in the *Moniteur*, and republished by Continental journals innumerable, without having, up to this moment, appeared in a single Daily or Weekly printed within the boundaries of the United Kingdom. Yet it is fearfully interesting. The reader must know that, ten years ago, an English actor, Mr Walter Hastings, dining one day at a London club, in company with a Peer of the Realm, expressed an opinion that solitary imprisonment in a dark cell was not so severe a punishment as people generally imagined. In reply to this observation, the Peer, whose name, by the way, is not given in full, but simply represented by an initial S. and a dash, said that, being rather curious on this head, and entertaining his doubts about it, he would pay his companion ten thousand pounds if that companion would consent to try the experiment for ten years. The proposal was accepted, and a neat little cell, fifteen feet by ten, from which daylight was totally excluded, prepared in his lordship's own mansion. The prisoner was to have candles or lamps, books, writing materials, and abundant food. He was to be waited on, however, by an invisible servant. These conditions having been accepted, were rigorously carried into execution. Mr Walter Hastings remained shut up alone for ten years in the cell. He left it only a short time since; in fact, on the 15th of June, for the *Moniteur* is so well served by its correspondents as to be able to give the exact date. It is needless to say that the captive was paid the ten thousand pounds he had so well earned. It is also, perhaps, needless to state that he is not quite so well as he could wish to be, for his captivity has told upon him considerably. Though he is scarcely five and thirty, he looks sixty. He stoops very much; he walks with an unsteady gait; his face is deadly pale; his beard and hair are perfectly white; and he experiences serious difficulty in articulating. We should say, however, that his brain has been more affected than aught else, if, as the *Moniteur* asserts—and who can doubt the

*Moniteur*?—Mr Walter Hastings, despite all the physical infirmities above enumerated, and the handsome income he must derive from the ten thousand pounds paid him by Lord S—, still expresses an intention of resuming his histrionic career.

## PROMENADE CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

When autumn begins to lay a fiery finger on the leaves, and unseen hands are at work tearing down that tapestry of flowers with which summer had festooned her orchestra of birds in the hedges, other leaves and other tapestries become unfolded in town. Printed programmes come forth with the cheering promise of a reviving time of melody for all who love sweet music none the less that they must listen to it in London; and the skilful decorators, Messrs Dayes and Caney, throw a gay canopy of the lightest fabrics and the brightest colours over the tuneless throng flocking at this season into the region of Covent Garden, making us even cease to regret the nights are lengthening during their stay. That there will be no lack of listeners to these strains of harmony may be safely inferred from the presence of that vast audience which on Saturday evening filled every portion of Covent Garden Theatre, when Messrs A. and S. Gatti commenced another season of promenade concerts. In all essential respects the arrangements are similar to those of last year; and it will be observed that the decorations are, as heretofore, tastefully designed in hues harmoniously blended. Thickly carpeted throughout, the promenade at the back of the orchestra has once more its picturesque nooks and corners; while the illuminated recesses are made lyrically suggestive by such groups as Faust, Margaret, and Mephistopheles, or agreeable to the imagination by trickling waterfalls splashing over rock-work amidst ferns and water-lilies. A notable feature of the present season is the circumstance that Signor Arditi has been appointed conductor. The orchestral force at his command is composed of about a hundred instrumentalists, many of whom have achieved considerable individual distinction. The vocalists are also of established reputation. At an early period of the evening the delight of the vast auditory found enthusiastic expression when Mdle Bianchi rendered the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, and afterwards gave Ganz's ballad, "A damsel fair was singing," in her most effective manner. Mdle Cristino, who, accredited from the principal opera-houses of Italy and Germany, made her first appearance in England, gained rounds of plaudits, added to a cordial reception, in recognition of her skilful execution of the cavatina, "Robert, toi que j'aime," and her tasteful and spirited rendering of a charming composition by Arditi, new to the public; while Signor V. Fabrini won no less admiration by his artistic treatment of Flotow's romanza, "M'appari," and Balfe's familiar ballad, "Then you'll remember me." Solo performances of high merit were, besides, given on the violoncello by M. Jules de Swert, and on the piano by Signor Rendano, who are both *debutants* at these concerts. The excellence of the band and the ability of the conductor received forcible illustration in the overtures to *William Tell* and *Zampa*, and the first part of the programme was brought to an effective close by a grand selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, arranged by Signor Arditi for the full orchestra and band of the Coldstream Guards. In this remarkable composition the solos of Mr Young on the flute, Mr Horton on the oboe, Mr Lazarus and Mr Tyler on clarionets, Mr Maycock on the bass clarinet, Mr Wotton on the bassoon, and Mr H. Reynolds on the cornet, proved exceedingly effective. There is no occasion to dwell on the details of a programme which will be varied almost nightly; but mention must be made of Arditi's quick step, "I Bersaglieri," and Harper's post-horn galop, "Down the road," as likely to preserve for some time a fixity of position. Conducted with such energy and enterprise as the Messrs Gatti displayed in their first year, there can be little doubt that the present series of Promenade Concerts, so auspiciously commenced, will have an equally prosperous issue.

BRUSSELS.—An organ is now being constructed in the workshops of M. Schyven for the use of the Organ Class at the Royal Conservatory. It will be solemnly inaugurated next October, when the pupils will celebrate the 35th anniversary of the foundation of the class by Girschner, in 1840. Christian Girschner was the master of M. Lemmens and, also, of M. Alphonse Mailly, the present professor of the class.

## TWO TSIGAN VOCALISTS.\*

To be a musician and to possess musical feeling are two different things. A man becomes a musician by study; but study, however intense, cannot inoculate him with musical feeling though it may perfect it. How many musicians are deficient in this quality? and, on the other hand, how many persons possess musical instinct and taste without ever having put a finger on any instrument and without knowing a single note? I have just found a proof of this while turning over a few pages of my reminiscences.

In 1813, I was making a forced stay, as a prisoner of war, at the small Russian town of Mizelinski, situated in the government of Orembourg, on the banks of the Kama. The province was inhabited by different hordes of Calmucks, Tartars, and Baschkirs, besides being traversed, from time to time, by bands of the extraordinary people called Tsigans,† with whom no one will have anything to do, and who are yet found spread over every part of the world. Even in South America have I met members of this Indian caste, driven forth from their native land, and distinguished from the other tribes of India by a name signifying: thief. The Tsigans draw near the towns on the occasion of festivals and large gatherings. When they do, the owners of horses and poultry have to be on their guard. Everything is fish that comes to the net of these wanderers, who are so clever in taking what people decline to give them, that the object lost is far away before anyone has perceived it has disappeared.

In the month of February, which was the epoch of the fair of Mizelinski, several of these Bohemians came and established themselves in the suburbs. Everyone was made aware of their arrival by the care the inhabitants took in shutting their stables, clogging their horses, and shutting up their cocks and hens.

I had been assured that, among these vagrants, some of the females were very remarkable vocal extemporists. I felt a great desire to hear them, and said so to one of the large landed proprietors of the place. One morning, I received an invitation to go and take tea with him.

On the appointed day I went to his house. In the courtyard, I found two small bands of Tsigans, who had come from two opposite directions. One was from the country of the Khirgisies, and the other from the neighbourhood of Tobolsk. I remarked that they all had the same features and almost the same articles of apparel. The women resembled generally the women of India. They wore enormous caps ornamented with ribbons, and their foreheads were covered with a large number of small pieces of silver. Their necklaces also, and ear-rings consisted of similar pieces.

At the invitation of the master of the house, a group of Tsigans, male and female, began dancing to the sound of the voice, accompanied by a violent clapping of the hands. They broke out, at intervals, in cries and short exclamations, of a very expressive kind, corresponding to the gestures and turns of the dance. The women carried in their hands a handkerchief, with which they draped themselves in very becoming postures. The dance, though frequently highly licentious in its movements and indecent in its gestures, is exceedingly graceful. It is a kind of dishevelled *chahut*, or *cachucha*, in which the dancer expresses his joy and his desires by cries and contortions, moaning with tenderness or howling with rage. Thus we French have invented nothing, not even the can-can.

After the dancing came singing. A tall handsome girl, with a complexion of bronze, at first declared she could not sing, assigning as a reason that she did not know any air. Our host was not to be satisfied with such a reason. He sent for something, namely: brandy, warranted to loosen the most refractory tongue, and, after the girl had taken a copious libation, he invited her to extemporize something instead of singing any known air. A male member of the band took a two-stringed guitar, called, I think a *Balalaika*, and struck a chord. The girl half closed her eyes, and began, in a sharp falsetto, a strain possible only for anyone capable of reaching with purity so high a register. She had a sweet and agreeable though somewhat tremulous voice. She played with it as though it had been a bauble sparkling with spangles, which she liked to see glisten. The sounds seemed

to come down from the sky, and then to keep continually ascending and descending, in turns. From the heights where she appeared to be hovering, the singer poured forth showers of dazzling and gracefully undulating melodies, and then suddenly a magnificent *point d'orgue*, resembling a meteor, would be lost in silence. After a pause of a few seconds, which scarcely gave us time to breathe, she resumed with splendid audacity the motive she had left off. The perfect art with which this girl, who did not know a single note of music, and sang entirely from inspiration, managed the modulations was something even more astonishing than her shakes and flourishes.

Such was my astonishment and admiration, that some difficulty was experienced in awakening me from my state of ecstasy, in order that I might partake of the refreshments which our host had had served up with the ostentation and profusion usual in every noble Russian household.

After some moments of repose, our host proposed that we should hear another girl. He called one, and enquired whether she consented to sing. She at first refused, saying that she had scarcely left her home, situated in a distant country, on the Chinese frontier, and that she was ignorant of everything. "Come, come; that is not the reason of your refusal," observed our host. "You are afraid to venture, because you feel your inferiority. There, take courage; we know your ignorance, but, to inspire you, swallow this glass of punch." The girl rose, drew a deep breath, and emitted a tremulous, feeble, and unequal sound. It did not seem to issue from her chest, but to come from outside and be flung among the audience. It had a singular effect upon them. A second sound, firmer and more prolonged, was emitted. It resembled a harmonic chord vigorously attacked, and then allowed to vibrate freely. This was succeeded by a third sound, finer, fuller, and firmer. The girl then brightened up, and her song displayed more warmth and volume. The melody was eminently sorrowful in its character. We had been for a moment anxious, but we were soon re-assured, and breathed freely. The velvety gracefulness of the intonations and the nice gradations of light and shade were all that could be desired. There was something timid and slightly jerky about the young, fresh voice; an accent of suffering which at first was hurtful to one's feelings. But deep sentiment and true passion were soon manifested in it. Youth, power, sweetness, and a charming carelessness seemed all mixed up with some acute sorrow. A soul full of warm feeling re-echoed in the voice, which went straight to one's heart, causing all its chords to vibrate with emotion. Under the force of inspiration the melody grew and rose higher and higher, its ecstasy overpowering the singer, who delivered herself up entirely to its voluptuous delight. There was no longer any trembling in the voice. A shudder certainly sometimes ran through the latter, but it was a gentle, communicative shudder, caused in the soul by passion. We were all palpitating under the charm and the weight of these sensations, when the singer ended with a sharp note of extreme delicacy and extraordinary purity, as though Heaven had gradually withdrawn from her her angel's voice.

No one said a word; no one moved. Everyone appeared to be awaiting the return of the voice thus lost in the sky.

AD. DE PONTÉCOULANT.

MR. BAYLE BERNARD.—We regret having to announce the death of this gentleman, which occurred, a few days since, at Brighton. Mr. Bernard had been suffering for some time from ill health, but had profited greatly since he went down to the seaside. A reaction, however, supervened, and was quickly followed by a fatal result. Mr. Bernard was by birth an American, having first seen the light at Boston, U.S., in 1808, but he had lived in this country, which he made his home, since his boyhood. As a dramatic writer, he contributed some hundred works to the British Stage, several of these still being popular stock-pieces. As a critic, he displayed considerable knowledge of our older dramatic literature, as well as with the productions of a more modern date, and his criticisms, while conscientious, were always conceived in a kind and good-natured spirit. Last year he published a *Life of Samuel Lover*, and, when death overtook him, was preparing for the press his own *Reminiscences of the Stage*. He leaves a wife and daughter to deplore his loss. In private life, Mr. Bayle Bernard was a genial, kind-hearted man, highly esteemed by his friends and respected by all who knew him.

\* From *L'Art Musical*.

† Tsigans is evidently another form of the German: *Zigeuner*, and the Italian: *Zingari*, i.e., Gipsies.—TRANSLATOR.



## BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Royal Operahouse re-opens on the 7th inst., but for ballet only. The operatic season does not commence until the 12th, after these lines will have been posted. Several of the leading artists, however, have already arrived. Among those still absent is Miss Minnie Hauck, and absent she is likely to be for some little time, since, before entering upon the fulfilment of her engagement at the Royal Operahouse here, she will play a round of characters at the Royal German National Theatre in Prague. A few weeks ago, she was stopping, for the benefit of the waters, at Marienbad. I believe she has now gone to make a short stay at one of the watering places in the north of Spain.

At Kroll's Theatre, Herr Nachbaur has followed up his success in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* and *Il Trovatore*, by appearing as Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell* and Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. His popularity seems, if possible, greater than ever, for not even the tremendously hot weather prevents the public from flocking to see and hear him whenever he sings.

A novelty, in the shape of a three-act romantico-comic opera, has been produced at the same house. It is entitled *Ekkehard*, the author of the libretto being Herr Ludwig Bussler, and the composer, Herr Moritz Jaffé. The work has been carefully rehearsed and well put upon the stage, but is not likely to achieve a lasting success, though, on the first night, the composer was called on after the first and after the third acts. But one, two, or even—in Italy—twenty recalls do not constitute a genuine success, any more than one swallow makes a summer; one flower, a wreath; or one bush, a quickset hedge. Herr Moritz Jaffé must be considered a clever amateur rather than a regular musician, and it is, therefore, not to be regretted, perhaps, that he favours his hearers with more numerous reminiscences of Meyerbeer, Verdi, and others, than would be pardonable were he judged by a strictly professional standard. Even if he possessed greater powers, natural and acquired, than he does possess, he could not have made much of the libretto, in which a 'prentice hand is painfully evident. Among the really original things—alas! too few and far between—may be mentioned the Monks' Chorus, at the beginning of the first act, and the *finale* at the end; an air sung by Ekkehard; and the description of Hadwig's dream. The different artists acquitted themselves more than creditably of a task which was sometimes less than pleasant. Mdlle Parsch was as excellent as the part would allow her to be as Hadwig. She was ably seconded by Herr Grisa, as Ekkehard. Mdlle André did all that was to be done with the character of Praxedis; while Herren Baumann and Ziehmman were respectively respectable as Spazzo and Rudiman, two characters supposed to be comic, but in which, to make a fearful joke, the Rudimans of comicality are wanting. Great praise is due to Herr Preumayr, for the manner in which he got up and conducted the work.

After appearing thirty times successively, and successfully, as the heroine of Offenbach's *Mdme l'Archiduc*, at the Wilhelmstädtesches Theater, Mdlle Marie Geistinger has left Berlin. The next novelties at this theatre will be, according to report, *Cagliostro* and *Die Königin Indigo*, both by Herr Johann Strauss.

Following the example set by Herr von Hülsen, at the Royal Operahouse and the Theatre Royal, the Intendants and less aristocratic managers, as the case may be, of the Theatres Royal, Grand-Ducal, Ducal, or Municipal, at Munich, Weimar, Brunswick, Coburg, Hamburg, Basle, Chemnitz, and elsewhere, have adopted the electro-pneumatic gas-lighting apparatus invented by Herr C. Barrot, of Vienna.

A short time since, Herr Emil Breslaur, a master in the New Academy of Music, dedicated to George, Duke of Saxe Meiningen, a work called *Technische Grundlage des Clavierspiels*, which has been most favourably noticed by the majority of the German papers. His Highness, in return, has created the author a "Professor." Herr A. Haupt, who is already a Professor, has been appointed Director of the Royal Academical Institute for Sacred Music. Mdlle Thoma Börs, daughter of Herr Börs, the piano-forte maker in Hamburg, is also about to change her style, and assume the title of Princess, which, with his heart, has been offered her by Prince von Lichtenstein. This young lady, who was brought up for the lyric stage, has been staying for a considerable period in Italy and the South of Germany.

## OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

The moral once attached to the celebrated anecdote in which the words "toujours perdrix" played a conspicuous part seems to be a thing of the past. At any rate, it does not apply to that musical phenomenon *Madame Angot*, which, after attracting such crowds for so long, has now broken out in a fresh place. That M. Lecocq's work is still attractive would be sufficiently proved—were all other proof wanting—by the mere fact that so experienced a manager as Mr Charles Morton believes in it as much as ever, and, acting upon that belief, opened the above theatre with it on Saturday night. Mad. Pauline Rita assumed, on the occasion, the part of Clairette for the first time, and proved herself one of the best of the many representatives, yet heard, of the part. She was frequently and deservedly applauded. The other characters were thus cast: Mdlle Lange (her original character), Mdlle Cornélie d'Anka; Ange Pitou, Mr E. D. Beverly; and Pomponnet, Mr J. F. Brian. Judging from the applause throughout the performance on Saturday night, as well as on subsequent nights, and the appearance of the house, which not even the hot weather prevents being well attended, it is rather difficult to give even an approximate guess when the career of *Mad. Angot* will be brought to a close. The programme included, also, a performance by M. de Furtado Coelho on his new instrument, called the "Cophophone," and a new farce: *Backing the Favourite*, the two principal characters in which were cleverly sustained by Mr J. B. Rae and Mr E. Marshall.

## CRICKET MATCH.

A match between the M.C.C., with 4 Professionals, and 15 (Orpheus Amateurs) of the Music Trade, was played at Lord's Cricket Ground on the 11th inst., and ended in a draw in favour of the M.C.C. The Club acquitted themselves well, as did also Messrs McKewan, Boyd, Darville, and C. Boosey, of the Orpheus Club. The players batted extremely well. The following was the score:—

ORPHEUS.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Mr W. McKewan, c Clamp, b Hearne...	24	b Clamp .....	1
Mr A. Boyd, c and b Clamp .....	8	c G. Hearne (s.) b Hearne	33
Mr C. Boosey, b Hearne .....	22	c G. Hearne (s.) b Hearne	44
Mr J. Wood, b Clamp .....	2	not out .....	2
Mr A. Boosey, c Vansittart (s.) b Hearne	0	b Hearne .....	0
Mr C. Darville, b Hearne .....	27		
Mr R. Jonas, c Gaye, b Hearne .....	4		
Mr S. Hayes, b Hearne .....	2		
Mr R. Newcomen, c Gaye, b Clamp ..	7		
Mr G. Barron, b Clamp .....	6		
Mr A. Ashdown, b Clamp .....	3		
Mr H. Griffiths, b Clamp .....	0		
Mr E. Lewis, not out .....	3		
Mr J. Hardy, run out .....	0		
Mr W. Joy, b Clamp .....	0		
B 6, l-b 2 .....	8	B 2, w 3 .....	5
Total.....	116	Total.....	85
M. C. C.—FIRST INNINGS.			
H. Baron-Dickerson, b Darville .....	0		
Mr A. P. Vansittart, l b w b Darville ..	16		
Mr W. Garth, c Ashdown, b C. Boosey ..	1		
Hearne, b C. Boosey .....	29		
Mr R. E. Gaye, b Darville .....	0		
Clamp, c Hayes, b Boyd .....	49		
Capt. Pilleau, b Walker .....	11		
Mr E. H. Fishbourne, b Boosey .....	9		
G. F. Hearne, not out .....	34		
Mr C. W. Beauleck, b Boyd .....	2		
Hunt, run out .....	10		
B 6, l-b 3, w 6 .....	15		
Total.....	176		
Umpires—Nixon and Farrands.		Scorers—Randon and Davey.	

CONSTANTINOPLE.—A new Theatre, intended exclusively for Italian opera, is being erected upon the site of the Alhambra. It will have three tiers of boxes, and be very richly decorated. It is to be opened in November.

## "TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your correspondent, who has done me the honour to allude to my "Lecture on National Music," objects to the authority I quoted, in reference to "The Last Rose of Summer," and suggests that I should consult "Walker's Irish Bards." It may be presumption on my part, but I cannot accept "Walker's History" as a safe guide in musical matters. The following extracts from that work will explain my reasons:—

"The Welsh are indebted both for their music and instruments to Ireland."

"The *crwth* (violin) was brought from Ireland to Wales, by Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan. The Welsh only invented the bow." (Query—How did the Irish play it without the bow?)

"The Irish had a slight knowledge of counterpoint from the Greeks."

"The scale of music the same in all countries!"

"The Irish word 'Teadhloin,' the origin of 'Teylin,' a word which has no etymon in the Welsh language!"

"The inhabitants of the Isle of Lewis were great lovers of music. They gave an account of eighteen men who could play on the violin pretty well without being taught!"

"The *Keenine* was the *Kannun* of the Persians—a species of Dulcimer Harp or—*Sackbut*!"

Very truly yours,

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Belle Vue Hotel, Aberystwith, August 7th.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR IN A SONG BY  
FRANZ SCHUBERT.\*

The heading, "Auf der Brücke"† to a song of Schubert's (Op. 93), with words by Ernst Schulze, is wrong, and should be replaced by: "Auf der Bruck."‡

The "Bruck" is a hilly, well-wooded spot, a favourite resort of excursionists and pleasure-seekers, near Göttingen, like the Plesse, Gleichen, etc. The proof of this is to be found in Ernst Schulze's work called "*Poetisches Tagebuch*," which contains the above song, "Auf der Bruck," beginning with the words:—

"Frisch trabe sonder Ruh' und Rast,  
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen;"§

the second song: "Im Walde," in Op. 93; and "Ueber Wildemann," in Op. 108. In Schulze's original verses the title runs "Im Walde" with the addition "hinter Falkenhagen"|| (a village not far from Göttingen). Wildemann is a little town in the Harz.

May I beg that, in a new edition you will kindly remember this rectification?

A QUANTZ.

Göttingen, July, 1875.

There was an old pianist called Schuloff,  
Who played music of every known school off  
Without any book,  
And, by hook or by crook,  
It was scrambled through somehow by Schuloff.

Jonathan Swift.

PRAGUE.—Herr Lebat, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been fulfilling a short but successful engagement here. He has appeared as Raoul, Tannhäuser, and Vasco de Gama.

LEMBERG.—Mad. Emilie Pohlmann-Kressner, the once popular singer, who divided public favour with such an artist as Henriette Sontag, died here on the 28th ult., at the ripe age of 75.

GENEVA.—The grand organ built, for the Church of St Gervais, by M. Joseph Merklin, was to be inaugurated on the 12th inst., by M. Edouard Batiste, and the principal organists of Switzerland.

MADRID.—The following artists are engaged for the next season at the Italian Opera: Signore Pozzoni, Fossa, Cortes, Signori Tamberlik, Stagno, Anastasi, Boccolini, Roudil, David, Ordinas, and Fiorini.

\* Addressed to the editor of the Berlin *Echo*.

† "On the Bridge."

‡ "On the Bruck."

§ "Trot bravely on, nor stop to rest,

My trusty Steed, through night and rainpour."

|| "Behind Falkenhagen."

## WAIFS.

Miss Lydia Thompson leaves England for the United States next April.

Miss Rose Massey is fulfilling an engagement at Union Square Theatre, New York.

Mr Albery is working on a comedy for the Court Theatre, and on another for Mr Sothorn.

Madame Schneider, it is reported, will re-appear at the Variétés in *La Bonlangère des Écus*.

The next novelty at the Alhambra will be a spectacular dream-drama, constructed by Mr J. Cave and Mr R. Reece, called *Spectre-sheim*.

London is to have still another Theatre. The new building will be erected on a site near the Strand, and Mr Robinson is to be the architect.

Sig. Mario Gigliucci, who married, a short time since, Miss Mozley, is a son of the Countess di Gigliucci, better known in England as Clara Novello.

There is a report current in Paris that M. Gounod is engaged on a grand opera entitled *Jane Grey*, to be produced at Mr Mapleson's new Operahouse.

Mr Brinley Richards has accepted an invitation to attend the Eisteddfod held at Rhayaden on the 19th inst., and that held at Haverfordwest on the 26th.

The Dieppe papers announce the arrival in that town of the Marquis and Marchioness de Caux, where the Marquis has hired a charming cottage close to the sea.

M. Offenbach has returned, in excellent health, from Aix to St Germain, where he is working hard at the various pieces he has undertaken to furnish by the winter.

Mr Edmund Yates has been compelled, by the amount of other literary work on his hands, to discontinue his clever and spirited contributions to the *New York Herald*.

Madlle d'Obigny Derval, daughter of M. Derval, of the Gymnase, has been engaged by M. Halanzier, and will shortly make her first appearance as Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*.

Mr Charles Matthews intends visiting India. Before he does so, however, he will appear at the Gaiety Theatre for a season of eight weeks, commencing on the 13th of September.

Mr J. L. Toole will make his first appearance in London, since his return from America, at the Gaiety Theatre, on Monday, November 8th. His engagement will extend till next Easter.

It is reported that the winners of the solo prizes at the National Music Meetings intend to form a concert party, for the purpose of making a tour in the autumn through the provinces.

The Baroness Willy de Rothschild, author of the well-known songs bearing her name, which are sung so successfully by Madame Patti and Madame Christine Nilsson, is stopping at Tréport.

Madlle Sangalli has left Paris, but will return before next February, when she is to "create" the principal part in *Silvia*, the new ballet, by MM. Jules Barbier and Léo Delibes, at the Grand Opera.

Mr William Bennett, for many years connected with the two Patent Theatres, died this week. For a considerable time past he filled the post of Secretary to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

Drury Lane Theatre will be opened for the regular dramatic season on September 4th, with Mr Dion Boucicault's drama of *The Shaughraun*. Mr Boucicault will sustain his original character of Conn.

It is said the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy intends to publish a notice strictly forbidding professors in the Royal Conservatories of Music from giving paid private lessons to their pupils.

The King of Spain has just created M. François Bazin, Professor of Composition at the Paris Conservatory, and M. Danhauser, also a Professor in the same institution, Commanders of the Order of Charles III.

The success of the *Tour du Monde*, in Paris, continues as great as ever, although above 300 performances have already been given. The receipts amount to between three and four thousand francs every night.

A new picture gallery has been opened at Melbourne. The walls will give a superficial area of over 26,000 square feet. The cost of the building is about £8,000. On the opening day the new gallery was visited by 6,525 persons.

Mr George Rignold has been playing for a short time at the Queen's Theatre in Mr Tom Taylor's drama of *Clancarty*, Mr Watts Phillips's *Amos Clark*, and Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. He was supported by Mrs Charles Calvert as Lady Clancarty, and Miss Ada Cavendish as Juliet.

Mr F. B. Carpenter has completed a full length portrait of President Lincoln, for Albany, U. S.

Admiral Tom Trump (Jean Hannema), who will appear at the Royal North Woolwich Gardens next week, is the smallest man in the world, his height being only 26 inches, which is six inches less than Tom Thumb. He is 36 years old, and was born at Franeker, Friesland, Holland, 23rd April, 1839; his weight is only 26lbs. He speaks five languages fluently, viz., English, French, Dutch, German, and Italian.

All the grants for the national theatres and the Conservatory of Music, amounting to a total of 1,616,000 francs, have been voted by the French National Assembly without discussion. Nothing was said concerning the balance of 97,000 francs remaining from last year, owing to the non-application of it to the Théâtre Lyrique, and the Minister will consequently be able to carry out his promise of adding the above sum to this year's grant of 100,000 for the same theatre.

Hans Christian Andersen was buried on the 11th inst., at Copenhagen, with great solemnity. The funeral procession was very numerous, comprising the King, with his suite, the Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince Hans, the British, Swedish, German, and American Ministers, the chief military and civic authorities, deputations from the common councils of Copenhagen and Odensee (birthplace of the deceased), representatives of art and science, and many citizen associations. The Queen placed a crown of laurel interwoven with lilies upon the coffin, and wreaths were also sent by the Princesses.

MIDLE ELISE JANSEN.—This young lady, who will be remembered as the accomplished harpist formerly of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, is at present engaged at Pawlowsk, near St Petersburg, where Herr Bilse and his orchestra are giving concerts every evening at "Vauxhall." Midle E. Jansen has already proved herself a harpist of the first order. We may particularly notice her splendid success at Herr Bilse's benefit concert, where she played C. Oberthur's grand fantasia "Souvenir de Londres," with such brilliancy as to call forth the most enthusiastic ovations. With an equally satisfactory result she played, at a previous concert, the same composer's harp solo, entitled, "Meditation," with all the grace and expression which this musical poem demands. Midle Jansen will certainly make the instrument of her predilection more favourably known here than ever it was before.—A. B.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday next there will be another display of fireworks, with the great set piece representing "The Fairy Grove of Palms." On Tuesday and Wednesday the August Race Meeting will be held, when the added money will amount to £1,000. From the number and character of the entries, a most successful meeting is anticipated. On Thursday the Moore and Burgess Minstrels will give a special entertainment, with their new programme; and after dusk there will be an illumination of the great lake and water village, and a procession of boats with coloured lights and other novel effects. On Saturday afternoon the popular burlesque, *Nemesis*, will be performed in the theatre by the Strand company; and in the evening there will be a concert, in which the national airs of all countries will be given by an enlarged orchestra, military bands, and the company's choir. The Jackley troupe of Russian gymnasts will repeat their marvellous performances every day during the week.

"The impression I derived from Mr Irving's acting in the adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrian's ghastly melodrama, in Mr Wills's play, and in his other appearances, was that he distinctly belonged to the class of artists of talent. He struck me as an actor who would produce much effect at the Porte Saint-Martin or at the Ambigu Comique; who possessed plenty of power of action, a good knowledge of telling attitudes, and a really artistic anxiety never to flag in the character he might be sustaining, but to 'look' the part from one end to the other. By the side of these qualities, he seemed to me to exhibit some serious defects; he lacked culture and refinement; his style of elocution was trivial, and he was addicted to that singing and unreasonable dropping of the voice from a higher octave to a lower one which is common to untutored players. Some may think that all this was no reason why Mr Irving should not succeed as Hamlet: I thought otherwise, and I sincerely believe that all reasonable critics who had attentively observed Mr Irving thought so too, though they may have hesitated, out of commendable reluctance to discourage an honest and praiseworthy effort, to say so too openly. We all know what a tremendous strain of power the part of Hamlet involves. We all know that if the artist who undertakes it has not the rapid and facile power of elocution used in comedy, blended with a deep power of bitter humour, he fails to render the most conspicuous feature of Hamlet's mind; and no one will venture to say that Mr Irving possesses this."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

*La Mandragore*, a new opera by Henry Litolf, will shortly be produced at the Théâtre des Galeries, Brussels.

A collection of letters, mostly unpublished, by Donizetti, has been advertised to appear ere long by a bookseller at Bergamo.

Mr Richard Smith of Hull, the well known composer and arranger of brass and military band music, has arrived in London, on his way to Paris and Germany, seeking novelty in the military music line for his popular journal.

The little Théâtre de la Tour d'Auvergne, Paris, has been taken by M. Guérin, formerly conductor at the Theatre in Rio Janeiro. The new manager proposes giving comedies, vaudevilles, and operettas by young authors.

M. Courbet's appeal has been rejected, and he stands condemned to pay the sum of about thirty-two thousand pounds sterling for the expense of rebuilding the Column in the Place Vendôme. Thirty-two thousand pounds sterling cannot, under any circumstances, be considered a trifle, but it appears positively fearful when expressed in French currency, thus: 800,000 francs!

### The Cloud.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;  
Long had I watched the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,  
E'en in its very motion there was rest,  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,  
While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

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